

## DEVOTED TO THE ILLUSTRATION OF SPIRITUAL INTERCOURSE.

"THE AGITATION OF THOUGHT IS THE BEGINNING OF WISDOM."

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WHOLE NO. 158.

## The Principles of Nature.

## GOD—HIS LAWS AND EMANATIONS.

HIS MINISTERS AND THEIR MINISTRATIONS.

BOSTON, LATE, APRIL 2, 1855.

FREDERICK PARTRIDGE AND BRITTON.

To ending the subject of communication for publication, a few words may be necessary in explanation of the facts connected with it. The Spirit, purporting to dictate it was an inhabitant of this town (Glenwood, Kent County, Michigan), and withdrew from the form in August last, to inhabit the world from which he came. "What spirit?" you may ask, as he was a spirit, he was in the spiritual philosophy, and is now, from all that has been received from him since his departure (by this circle), all that he has been receiving in the Spirit-land, to which we all tend. As a citizen he was honorable and manly in his intercourse with his brother-men, yet he was a strenuous opposer of sectarian bigotry. He was familiar with the Bible (this is observable in the communications), and would combat error in print or phrase. The communication was commenced early in February, I think (I have no dates), but owing to difficulties that naturally have to conquer, it was not completed until the last of March. It seems to be divided into sections, and numbered; that only designates the several nights in which it was written. Our circle was small, and I attended each evening that was occupied in writing it. The inquiry was made, why it was not continued when only a portion of the circle were in attendance? It was written in reply: "That evidence was wanted that it could not be the production of the medium."

We have several communications that are worthy of publication—"Remarks on Swedenborg's Mission," and one on "Pneumatism," from the same Spirit-land.

A communication from J. C. Calloway is now being written, on American Slavery, which promises to be excellent, and a poem from J. T. Hopper is also good. Spiritualism is rapidly progressing throughout the West, and the prospect is, "that the good time coming" is near at hand. Truly yours in the cause, FREDERICK PARTRIDGE AND BRITTON.

**First.** God is the First Great Cause—unknown—unfathomable—hidden in mystery—unveiled only in the visible workings of his immutable laws—inscrutable in all his ways, save in what we see of the outgrowth of his infinite will. Yes, I am impressed from higher spheres than this that I inhabit, that the highest archangel that folds his shining wings nearest the throne of the Great Eternal knoweth not, nor can he understand that Great First Cause; therefore, weak man, in thy impotency, forbear; forbear thou to strive to fathom God, and be thou content to read his nature in the evidences of his handiwork that are spread out to thy view, for those are sufficient for thee in thy primal state. And if ye succeed in comprehending all that ye see around you, ye will have attained to more knowledge than hath ever been the lot of mortal man to boast.

**Second.** God is he that created all; he inhabits all; he pervades every particle of matter, and all space, as you call it; but space is not what it seems to thy blind vision. It is fully permeated by God; every inch of air, every particle of dust, every drop of water, every bud, and every flower, all in themselves a part of God. Oh, strange, is it not, that we eat God, breathe him, drink him, and all we have and are, are God's! But so it is; and thought of God shall ever pass away. The flowers that bloom are pervaded by life, yes, and a Spirit-life; they wither in their forms on earth, and to mortal gaze they pass away; but are they extinct indeed, because ye no longer see them? No, they are but sublimated, become what we call a Spirit-flower; they have cast off the grosser in a new in the garden of the Spirit-land. It is in no order of life that inhabit thy planet that have perfect type. They are eternal as God himself, and are emanations of his laws—his laws are emanations of himself.

**Third.** Long ages ago, far, far back in the passed away, away from the comprehensions of man, the conglomerate of the particles of this earth began (and this is but an instant amid the spheres), and slowly, through many years of earth-time, they progressed toward a perfect spheroid. At length they received their motion on an axis, and took their place in the orbit they now traverse; and by the action of the laws of God upon matter, the rolling mass that heaved, like the angry ocean in a mighty storm, slowly consolidated, and when a something like rest came upon its surface, the lower orders of life began to manifest themselves. Ages rolled, and they passed away by the convulsions of the orb. Then, again, other and higher orders came forth and passed, and thus came and passed away numerous orders of vegetable and animal life, before the image of man came, the type of the man that should be. A brute he seemed, indeed, at first, but circumstances at length favorable to the higher development of man, produced him with a quickening spirit, and he began to reason upon the scenes that surrounded him. His language to convey thoughts to his brother-man was signs at first, but as he came to comprehend more of himself and nature, he began to invent words to express his ideas. Thus signs and sounds constituted man's language at the present time. But the time will come in the advancement of the human mind when thought will need no medium betwixt man and man. So, step by step,

man kept on his way till the historic ages, when you are first made acquainted with his progress. The earth has rolled and heaved in its surface at times, and then grown still again, thus sweeping away many a tribe from its surface; or a continent, or island has heaved up from the ocean's depths at different periods, and been peopled with advancing races of intelligent beings. This has been the case with all the ages of the antediluvian world as it is termed.

**Fourth.** Noah's flood is the first of these convulsions you find recorded, in which it is said the inhabitants of the earth were swept away by the divine wrath of God for their wickedness. And why were they thus swept away? The people lived low, groveling lives, and on that account they could not be approached by the ministering Spirits that watched around the abodes of men. Noah alone heard; he was pure in life; he communed with the angels; he was a medium, and he was warned of the breaking up of "the fountains of the great deep," and of the deluge that was about to desolate that portion of the earth; he heeded the warning, and following the instructions of his bright guardians was saved, while those around him perished on till the great day came, ushered in with terrific lightnings and thunder, and rushing winds. The windows of heaven were opened, the barriers of old ocean gave way, and the flood rolled over the face of the earth, sweeping the herds of living creatures to one common grave. Thus they perished; not by the "special wrath of God," but by the sure workings of the laws that govern all creation, and in accordance with their own evil natures that would not hear, but derided the warning voice of Noah; and for these same reasons perished the inhabitants of the cities of Sodom and Gomorrah in the flames, while Lot escaped through the interposition of his heavenly visitants. And how perished those cities? Theology saith by fire from heaven. Lightning from murky clouds indeed descended, but the mighty convulsions of an awful volcanic earthquake swallowed them in its fiery vortex, and they now sleep beneath the waves of the Dead Sea. Their proud, and rich, and lustful inhabitants miserably perished, while Lot, the righteous man, got him away seasonably.

There are some circumstances related concerning the saving of those cities that I can not vouch for. I can not see their truthfulness or consistency. You must not anear at the story of Lot's wife, she did, indeed, linger near the city and homes of her people, and was petrified by the air, surcharged with sulphurous gases, but she has long since vanished from the wayside, and the curious that think they behold the remains of Lot's wife in the pillar of basalt that is pointed out by the inhabitants, know not what they look upon, if they vainly surmise that the laws of God are suspended to preserve that column so many hundred years undissolved by the elements. Oh, Cities of the Plain, how ye perished! forever have ye passed from the earth away! Your doom was just; the fiat of Nature was sure, and ye have gone down into this abyss, because your inhabitants would not hear the voice of God's ministers. Spirit-friends cried unto ye from the lands beyond the vale, but ye would not give ear, therefore have ye perished.

**Fifth.** We will now leave the subject of the creation, the deluge, and the destruction of Sodom and Gomorrah, simply improving as we pass, by way of a clearer understanding of former communications, that Moses found that the genealogy of Adam went the farthest back of any found recorded in any of their traditions. Therefore, to make out a complete history of the world, he called him the first man; and that the garden of Eden was an imaginary paradise, I need not stop to prove, as the history of it given in the records of Moses utterly precludes the possibility of such a place, and no one can give the story credit who believes in progress from lower to higher stages of perfection. And as to the deluge, how often does tradition speak of such an event, among all nations, in all countries; and they say one or more families were saved; some in one way, some in another, and this, too, among tribes that had never had any communication with each other as you can ascertain, and as I know. You see by this that the deluge swept over the earth, leaving portions of it untouched, upon which remnants of the tribes of the living were left. And now we will pass on till the time when the Israelites were about to be delivered from the bondage of Pharaoh, when we find just such spiritual communications as you now see at this day manifesting themselves in a striking manner. You read of what you would term powerful physical manifestations, Moses being medium for such, in connection with the rod that was given him, working miracles to the unlightened minds of the Egyptians. Aaron was a speaking medium, operated upon by the same band of Spirits that worked by Moses, and who were striving to free their beloved people from an oppressive bondage. You can follow Moses in his ministrations to this people in all their wanderings, and find him a powerful medium—in fact, a chosen leader from on high of his people. And in later times the prophets spoke or wrote by inspiration, telling of the weal or woe of their nations, and

of the coming of a new dispensation, ushered in by the birth of the Messiah, or great mediator, betwixt man and the Spirit-land; and sublime indeed are some of the communications you find under the head of prophecies. Strange visions they saw, the meaning of which they knew not of; they spoke of the Spirit in those times; they knew not what Spirit inspired them; therefore they said of it, "Thus saith the Spirit," or the Lord commanded me; they spoke of them, and of the Messiah dispensation, and the coming of Christ, and also of the second coming of the Saviour. Before the birth of Jesus, the Jews thought, from the figurative language used in the prophecies, that he would come in great pomp and splendor; a God-sent, descending from the sky, and take the throne of David, and become their temporal head. Therefore, when he was born, and laid in the lowly manger, although bright bands of shining ones proclaimed his birth as "glad tidings of great joy to man," and a congregated host, in the form of a bright meteor, guided to the spot where lay the Saviour of mankind, those to whom he was immediately given would not own his mission; he was all too lowly, and he came to bring a new order of things to pass. A great change his teachings would work among their natures, their temples, their Holy of Holies; they persecuted him, as all reformers are persecuted; they reviled him with his lowly birth, saying unto him, "What! thou the son of Joseph the carpenter; dost thou pretend to be the son of God?" For they knew him not, nor the Spirit he was of; therefore they crucified him as an arch-agitator, an apostate from the religion of his fathers, a heretic; and they dreamed not that the body they laid away in the stone sepulcher was but the dress, and that the Spirit of Jesus, clothed in a more refined body, was walking the paths of Judea, and that he whom they had so ignominiously put to death was holding sweet communion yet with his beloved followers, and pouring the oil of consolation into their bereaved hearts; and often did he walk and talk with them, warning them of those things that should happen to them, and the terrible death they should die by the infuriated hate of the mass, inflamed by the bigotry of the priesthood. Next we will speak of the mission of Jesus and his miracles.

Just a few lines in respect to the birth of Christ. I shall say but little on this subject (for the medium shrinks from it), but that little shall be to the point. Just suppose for an instant that a man should arise, among you at this day, and make the pretensions to a birth such as Christ's is represented to have been; would any of you credit the story—would you believe in him? Methinks that you would all scout it at once as in the highest degree ridiculous; you would say it was contrary to the established laws of nature, and your judgment would condemn it as a vile imposition; and let me assure you, God can not step aside from the laws he has emanated. No, no; he does no such thing; nor does he need to. He is always consistent with himself, perfectly, and his laws are sufficient for the purposes he proposes to himself to attain. But Jesus was guarded by a glorious band of Spirits before and after his birth, and one of the "ancient of days," a Spirit that dwelt upon the earth long years before, presided over that band. They understood the circumstances attending the birth of Jesus—were favorable to the development of a being so refined a structure as to be almost like the disembodied Spirit, so little was he encumbered with a gross physical body as to be subjected in but a slight degree to its demands. They, his Spirit-guides, saw his susceptibility to Spirit-influence, and they, wiser than man, saw that this was he of whom the prophets spoke, and they kept their vigils over the young Nazarene—instilling wondrous and strange truths into his mind long before he spoke them forth. At the age of twelve they began to manifest themselves through him, and he became rapidly developed, putting the wisdom of the learned to naught, expounding the law. (His miracles you can read for yourselves; I glance at them hastily to show you the drift of my impressions.) He healed the sick, and cleansed the leper, by a magnetic emanation from his person, or a simple prescription. And it is said of him, and truly, too, that he caused the deaf to hear, the blind to see, and the lame to leap for joy; and he bade them go their way, and see they told no man of these things, for he was so importuned on account of his strange powers.

And he did not wish to have so many around him that could not be benefited by him, keeping those at a distance that otherwise would gain access to him, and thus profit by his God-given power. Jesus Christ was well aware of the origin of his gifts, as a medium of spiritual phenomena, and thus we hear of his giving all glory to God, assigning his strange gifts to his Father in heaven—to his Father and our Father—for he saith of him, "My God and thy God." And his high instructors led him to choose of the low and unlettered of earth for his followers—such as could be easily impressed by Spirits out of the flesh, and such as had no learned prejudices to bias them from giving a correct statement of the truths that should be communicated to them by Jesus, in regard to the mission he was called to fulfill, and which they were to aid in disseminating through the earth. The people of the earth must be taught in the spiritual things of Christ's

teachings, and look ahead for a higher revelation when their spiritual wants are not supplied by what he came to give, and not back to what has already passed away. This is what Christ means by his second coming—that is, a second reformation like himself—a pure Spirit, directed by the same spiritual faculty to do good unto the dwellers of earth, who should give man more light; and he called this period the millennium, when he should reign with his saints a thousand years on earth. Now let me explain this to you, as I am made to understand it. These glad tidings (that you are receiving now from the spheres beyond you, like the voice of John crying in the wilderness, "Prepare ye the way"), are the forerunner of this second coming of Christ, and he will be among you as Jesus was among the Jews, and ye will not realize it more than they (I mean now the mass of mankind); but you will not be so long coming to your senses as the people were then, for eighteen hundred years have not rolled over mankind for naught. The dispensation of Jesus has been doing its mission, and its teachings were never better realized than at this day. But when Spiritualism is fully established in the earth, and its doctrines admitted by the masses of earth's inhabitants, and a spirit of so great power as ye reckon not of is even now among you—the spirit of purification, the fullness of time shall have come. Ye hear of wars, and rumors of wars; was it not so said by Christ? The spirits of men were stirred within them; the galling yoke of bondage sits heavily on the neck and consciences of millions, and millions more will be urged on in their tardiness by the advancing masses, and all shall learn their true destiny, their inherent rights, their own noble birth, and all men shall feel that they are equally the sons of God, and that it is man that has usurped the power to rule over mind and body, which God alone should possess. When war, oppression, and wrong shall have passed away, as they most assuredly will, and the teachings of the ministering Spirits that now surround you shall have taken their effect, then will the second Messiah appear to lead on the enfranchised sons of earth, till they shall no longer need the aid of special teachers, but their own free minds may walk erect and commune with God.

**Sixth.** Previous to the appearance on the earth of the second Messiah, wickedness shall vanish from among men—vanquished by the light that is dawning upon the earth at this present time. Oh, cherish ye the rays that fall from Spirits bright abroad upon your world, illuminating your souls with their brightness, for though they fall single upon most of you, they are all rays of an eternal sun, whose perfection shall be more fully realized by you in the fullness of time.

Now as to that great doctrinal point—the death and resurrection of the Saviour. His death was necessary to the dispensation which he ushered in, in order to prove the resurrection from death. He was made aware whether his course tended, and the time when his end should come, and the manner of death he was to die, and his soul meekly bowed to his Father's will for the sake of his beloved brethren in the flesh. But still his weak human nature shrank from the torture he was to endure, and in the garden of Gethsemane we see the conflict between his known sense of duty and his own fear of death, when he cried, "If it be possible, let this cup pass from me;" and immediately recollecting he was to die and be the first fruits of a resurrection, or an appearance of the known earthly dead, that should walk, and talk face to face with man he exclaimed, "Not my will, but my Father's will be done." So they crucified him and laid him away in the tomb. Previous to his death the Spirits told him to instruct his disciples that he should rise again the third day; meanwhile he slept in his Spirit; after that he became able to manifest himself to those he loved. You know his history afterward as connected with the earth; his true, and his ascension likewise, that is also true; he seemed to pass away, to become glorified, and surrounded by a host of bright angels he passed from the gazing and wondering throng. Then was his mission as an earthly spirit done, and he passed to his reward in the bright spheres, far, far from this, where I now dwell, and from which I look up with a steadfast faith, that his Father and mine will reward me as I shall deserve, and when I, as an earthward spirit, shall have accomplished the mission I have to do, and shall learn to look up with a longing that exceeds my desire to do more for man, then I too shall break the chain that binds my spirit to earth, and fly away to bask forever of God and his attributes in higher and purer spheres.

And the attributes of God, how shall I speak of them? Oh, bright angels from above, lend me your help, and give me something of your glowing language in which to clothe my thoughts. But oh, how far, far away shall I then be from the divine reality? Oh, how my heart overflows as I contemplate God, and what of his perfections I am able to comprehend! Love sits supreme in all his works, and wisdom rules in all his ways. God is all truth, love, and wisdom; but I cease for want of language in which to tell you even the little that I know; and yet how much, oh, how much more I know than you of that Supreme Being that rules the mighty universe and guards the fragile worm no less.

Let me now address myself to Spiritualists in particular:

My friends, who are striving to progress yourselves and aid others on in the great cause that lies on near my heart, and yours, I wish to impress upon your minds the great necessity of living up to the requirements of the spiritual teachings. Oh, for truth's sake strive to conform your lives to the requirements of your heavenly guides, when they tell you what will lead to your advancement, do not drive them from your side by your disregard of their best advice. Yes, strive to live up to the teachings of the Bible, too. Oh, do not cast that aside as worthless, for it contains very much that you need; it is a bright gift from angel-hands to man, and is vouchsafed to many of his present wants. It has been made dark and unlovely by the machinations of evil-minded men, priests and Pharisees, who sought to sway the consciences of the people. But its gems are none the less gems for the souls that surround them; besides, the fulfillment of its mission is not yet, nor will be for long of earth-time, short though may it seem to Spirit-comprehension. Heed ye the communications, they are for your good. Keep the Sabbath-day holy, that is, consecrate one day in seven to spiritual things; it is so commanded, and it is well. Wrong no man; be chaste and virtuous. Take not the name of thy God in vain. Oh, speak thou with reverence of thy Father in heaven, for that best becometh thee. Pray often to thy God; it will gather bright ones around thee; and dark Spirits will flee the Spirit of light. Sing ye to God, for all nature utters harmony in praise of its Great Maker; and music maketh the soul harmonious, and gathereth harmonious ones to walk with it. Strive with no man for the truth of these things. If a man contend with you in anger, and leave him; when the spirit of content is apparent, you can never convince a man of his error; he will stick to it, though it stare him plainly in the face. Then heed what I say unto you, avoid all wrangling, cultivate charity, live meekly as thou art taught by thy great head on earth, Jesus. Oh, how meekly bore he with the wrongs and revilings that were cast upon his head. Go thou, Spiritualist, and imitate his example. What I say of meekness and love I say from an influx from on high. I am to battle with error for truth yet awhile, and when my work is done, that I have to do for earth, then I shall pass to the love-sphere, and talk to you in strains so sweet as to melt the hardest of you to tears. I can look from where I now reside and see that sphere, and its shining inhabitants from the distance beam upon me like haloes of light. Oh, how radiant they seem! But I must turn me and to my work on earth till it shall be accomplished.

None but true Spirit—addressing our correspondents, Mr. Dwyer, the Spirit said: "Tell Friend Dwyer to publish this for a new-entrant in this great step in man's progression, and send you 10 copies for my friends here. Tell him there is no one coming, if I can do the good I think I can here." A. A. DARTON.

## A POSSIBLE CAUSE OF SUICIDE, AND REMEDY.

We see in the *Ohio State Journal* of December 6th, 1854, an account of the suicide of a Mr. Dunbar. He complained on Monday of depression of spirits; reasoned about it, prepared for his marriage set for Wednesday morning. In the afternoon of Tuesday he bought strychnine, ostensibly for a neighbor to kill rats. On Tuesday evening he again spoke of his melancholy, saying he *knew no cause for it*. At ten p.m. went to bed, and soon after was dead from strychnine.

A Mr. R., of Ohio, was cut down during an attempt to hang himself. He was thankful for the service. Said he knew no cause for his making the attempt.

A man of, or near, Knightville, Indiana, went to a Spirit-circle, holding it in great contempt. He was in good health. Twelve days afterward he died. He was affected strangely from that period until his death, committing hostilities on himself, thrusting his hands into the fire, etc. (This was told me by a respectable looking traveler. No name was mentioned.)

Philip Jarrett's daughter, aged fifteen, of Belmont County, Ohio, was singularly affected from October 1851 to March 1852. She had paroxysms of extreme profanity and obscenity, though uniformly decent when in health. They held her at times, to keep her from biting her own limbs. During her illness the dwelling-house was much annoyed by rats from invisible powers. A repeated witch-doctor was called in the latter part of February, 1852. He made passes, or operated by the laying on of hands. She then recovered suddenly (in a few minutes her father says), and the noises ceased. She had been attended in the fall and winter by allopathic doctors, who did not consider her insane, but devilish.

Mr. Pinel (quoted by Dr. Rush in his lecture on Medical Jurisprudence, page 382), mentions the case of a man who had a murdering impulse "in no degree obedient to his will," but whose memory, judgment, and imagination were perfectly sound. The doctor reports several cases similar, in which persons apparently sane have committed hostilities on themselves, wives, or children without knowing a cause for it.

Whether these persons owe their afflictions to the cause stated in the 5th of Mark, as affecting the man who was "always crying, and cutting himself with stones," until delivered







## SPIRITUALISM AND THE PRESS.

Were there no public journals specially devoted to the advocacy of Spiritualism, there is reason to believe that the wing-footed *Messenger*, the general public Press, would ultimately accomplish its work in conveying the God-given message to a enlightened and materialistic world; and this work would be performed under the compulsory force of facts now occurring all over the land, and directly in the teeth of the most inveterate prejudice against the whole subject. As a specimen of the numerous instances in which spiritual phenomena are now forcing themselves upon the attention of opposing journalists, and exacting from them candid descriptions, we give the following from the *Mount Holly New Jersey Mirror* of April 19th. After some general remarks upon the subject of Spiritualism, in which the editor confesses that he is "one of the strongest skeptics upon the subject," he proceeds to relate the following, which he acknowledges has given him a curiosity to look a little further into the matter, as well it might.

A friend living in the family of Sheriff Jones, at Toms River, Ocean County, not long since commenced sitting so strangely as to excite the attention of every one who saw her. She was questioned in regard to her conduct, when she said she was under the control of some supernatural or spiritual agency, but could not in any way account for it. That the Spiritism influencing her seemed her very good spirits. They would come and go at pleasure, leaving her in wonder at the sudden transformation in her feelings.

While under the influence alluded to her strength seemed almost equal to Simon's, and there was nothing about the home but what she could move without the least difficulty. She would pick up a barrel of flour, and with the greatest ease carry it up stairs. On one occasion she had got about half way up the steps with a barrel when the Spiritism left her, and with them her strength vanished, leaving her in a quandary, from which she was only relieved by several persons assisting in taking the flour downstairs.

She would place her hand upon a table and tell it to travel, when it would move around the room and out of doors, and no power, says her own will, could stop it. At one time four strong men attempted to hold the table to the floor, but they had no more effect upon it than so many infants.

The Dutchman in the neighborhood, when they covered up their own language, would be told by her what they had said, which satisfied them that she was possessed with the devil.

One day Mrs. Jones visited a neighbor, and on her return, she related the conversation that had taken place, and even told this lady her own thoughts in reference to the subject. She thought that Mrs. Jones had never revealed to any one. Upon being asked how she knew this, she said the Spiritism had communicated it to her.

She is entirely destitute of education, but frequently, when the Spiritism took possession of her, she would go up to her room and write in a legible hand what they had dictated.

The family at last became afraid of her, and notwithstanding she was the best girl for work they ever had, and her unwillingness to leave, it was found necessary to discharge her, and she reluctantly departed to her father's residence, at Bergen Iron Works.

We have had positive assurances of the truth of these statements. She has been in the family, and yet, after all, we must see to believe. We doubtless learn more of this girl's doings, and to know if the Spiritism continues their intercourse with her.

These are strange times, and we need not be astonished at any thing we hear, but certainly these spiritual disclosures, which are coming to light in various parts of the country, go ahead of every thing we have ever seen or heard of.

## BORN AGAIN.

William Shattell, of Rahway, N. J., after using the clay-form for years, and finding it would no longer enhance the purposes of his Spirit, bid it adieu as we would a worn-out garment, and was borne away by angel-friends to his home in the Spirit-land of Light and Love, on the evening of April 25th.

He was a man who lived a life of purity and peace, and was greatly beloved by all who knew him. Although a member of the "Society of Friends," yet he was not troubled by sect or party, but was earnestly devoted to the actualization of justice and love among the whole family of mankind, for he regarded the race as constituting one brotherhood, and he consulted neither Bible, ritual, nor discipline to ascertain his duty to his fellow-man.

He possessed a remarkably peaceful, quiet, loving disposition, and all who were blessed with his acquaintance will cherish his memory. Although not much acquainted with the phenomena of Spiritism, yet I have seen him deeply interested, and moved even to tears, as his children, who had gone before him into the Spirit-world, manifested their loving presence, and assured him of their desire to welcome him to their affectionate embrace. May his long life of temperance, industry, peace, and affection be as a beacon light to his numerous descendants and friends.

NEWARK, N. J., 1855.

## PERSONAL AND SPECIAL NOTICES.

**Going East.**  
The Editor of this paper expects to give a course of four lectures in Portland, Me., commencing on Tuesday evening, 20th inst., and terminating on Friday evening June 1st. Should the friends at any place in the vicinity of Boston desire our services, in the capacity of lecturer, on the succeeding Sunday, (June 2d), they will please address us accordingly, at an early date. The writer would also lecture at some convenient place on Saturday and Monday evenings, June 2d and 4th, should his services be previously engaged.

**From the South.**  
Our friend, H. W. Hill, after an absence of several months spent in the southern section of the Union, has just returned to this city, and is looking remarkably well. Mr. Hill finds his new establishment (fitted up and opened during his absence under the supervision of his personal friend, Dr. G. T. Dexter) in the full tide of successful experiment. Such of our readers as may have occasion to call on the apothecary or perfumer will do well to remember the new drug store at 579 Broadway, where they may obtain every thing in that line of the best quality and at equitable prices.

**Public Lectures and Conferences.**  
The Spiritualists in this city have removed from Dodworth's to the new hall, and now hold their Sunday meetings at Stuyvesant Institute, 659 Broadway, opposite Bond Street, where public lectures are delivered every Sunday morning at half past 10 o'clock, and in the evening at 8 o'clock. The friends also meet at the same place in general conference on each succeeding Sunday afternoon at 5 o'clock: also on Wednesday evenings.

**Scientific Lectures.**  
It is expected that Mr. Byrnes, of England, the distinguished mathematician, will occupy the desk at Stuyvesant Institute on Sunday next. We understand that for several years Mr. B. held a professorship in one of the first universities in Europe, where he was eminent both as a teacher and author. The lecture on Sunday evening will be illustrated by appropriate diagrams.

**In New York.**  
E. W. Capron, author of the new work entitled "Modern Spiritualism, its Facts and Foundations, its Consistency and Contradictions," is on a brief visit to this city. We infer that the world smiles on him more of late than formerly. Well, may it smile.

**Dr. J. R. Orton.**  
We understand that Dr. Orton is about to open a bookstore in Tillary Street, near Fulton, Brooklyn, where he will keep all the spiritual and reform books and periodicals, including the *Telegraph*, *Sacred Circle*, and *Public Editor*. The Doctor will also keep an assortment of stationery, etc., and will have a small printing-office in connection with his business.

**Dr. J. R. Orton.**  
Dr. J. R. Orton, who will address the Spiritualists' meeting in Stuyvesant Institute, opposite Bond Street, Broadway, Sunday morning, June 10 o'clock, and also the public meeting in the Brooklyn Institute, Washington Street, in the afternoon at 2 o'clock.  
Rev. U. C. Carter, in another column of our paper, will doubtless attract the attention of those who are seeking spiritual aid.

## Original Communications.

## A PSALM OF THE INFINITE.

Long had my form been growing old;  
The daisies called it to the mold;  
Like a coiled snake the years unrolled  
To crush me in their circling fold  
Of sorrow at the last.  
The strength and splendor half divine,  
That dwelt within life's early shrine,  
Dimmed; the brain's pure crystalline  
Over dim; the darkness half opaque;  
The day of Earth had passed.

Such memory, motion, one by one,  
Like glories from the shaken sun,  
Vanished; I felt keen death-like run,  
Like foot through flowers when day is done;  
Then all the server lay dead.  
And still my inner mind grew bright,  
Till, suddenly, it felt the night,  
And saw, a form of darkness might,  
Van glimmer through spectral light,  
And sought its Fountain Head!

Mind thrilled to sight with strange surprise,  
With myriad-leaved, love-kindled eyes,  
Through Systems of Immensities  
It peered, beholding all the skies,  
And brights that their blaze,  
And as a bird that soars and sings,  
With the sun's brightness on its wings,  
It flew where none in radiant rings  
The fixed stars, like Angel kings,  
Thro' the mid 'twixt eternal rays.

It sped through their harmonious deep  
Of stellar fire, where planets keep  
Their lonely vigils, where the deep,  
Cold Chaos rises, peak on peak.  
Vasted over its trackless heights  
With crystalline worlds, new wrought  
From the white snow-storms of God's thought,  
It journeyed, finding unthought  
New opening spaces wonder-fringed  
With sphered, mind-kindled lights.

Out from its inner Essence grew  
Intense powers, through Heaven it flew,  
Clothed from each Heaven with loiter new,  
Till bade the Heavens of Heavens adieu.  
And, like a dove, apace  
Where Time and Space converge and run  
Together, where star and sun  
Move glorious, shines the horizon  
Of thought, where burblings, three-in-one,  
Stream from the Infinite.

It trembled there, that Mind, that dove,  
Inspired and glorified in love,  
Then rose from space and soared above  
In the Great Oneness, and it rose.  
Meanwhile this mortal frame  
"O God!" thou art the first and last;  
Thou hast no Future and no Past;  
Thy Being comprehends the vast,  
And Thy joy smile of life last east  
Through space, through seraphim.

"The billows of the cosmic sea  
Unfold and undulate from Thee;  
Thou art the One Reality,  
And to create ceaselessly  
Is the divine employ,  
And Nature is thy instrument,  
By radiant cherubim o'erlaid,  
Their lives from Thine are interlaid;  
They praise Thee in their full content—  
Thou art their joy."

"All the blue rivers of the Spheres  
Roll through the everlasting years,  
Bathed in celestial atmospheres,  
Till their exhaling life appears  
In rainbows round Thy throne,  
Thou, Son or Love! dost all survey,  
Perceiving all with equal ray,  
In all, we'll all, through all, and they  
Behold Thee, in thy perfect day,  
Loved, glorified, alone."

NEW ORLEANS, La., April 15, 1855.

## LETTER FROM PROVIDENCE.

To S. B. BRITTAN, Esq.  
Dear Friend—I have not forgotten the promise made at parting; and, so far as wishing is concerned, I have done nothing amiss, for, day to day and week to week, I have looked around me with a very intense desire to find time for writing to you, though I have not until this moment felt myself at all free enough from necessary cares and labors to indulge in that pleasing communion in which the soul becomes positive, space negative, and absence is annihilated by that interior union which forebodes us, to us, even now, something of the power and character of the released soul.

Spiritualism, I think, seems to be deepening and intensifying, rather than spreading among us. The excitement which had been produced by the first and lowest manifestations has subsided, and the masses may be less active and engaged in the subject than formerly, while at the same time the more enlightened classes are quietly pursuing their investigations, and clearing their way of every convenient obstacle.

Though I do not much attend circles, on account of my infirmity, which makes any restraint, when I neither speak nor hear, irksome to me, yet I have been several times to the house of Mrs. W., where her niece, Mrs. B., is often persuaded to sit as a medium. This is the same one (then Miss E.) who made a great sensation in Brooklyn, N. Y., about two years ago, by the startling and wonderful physical phenomena, which were then manifested through her. Her power seems to have been considerably exhausted of late, but there is occasionally a reminiscence of the old times, and though a large, heavy, strong, old-fashioned mahogany light-stand, being completely abandoned to the influence, actually shuffed off one of its legs in dancing a double hump, in general the Spirits appearing through this medium conduct themselves with a great deal of propriety, and even dignity. If this lady should devote herself to the work, I think her power as a test medium would be equal to that of any other. Names, dates, ages, and other circumstances wholly unknown to her, are spelled out through the sounds, which are remarkably loud and clear, to the astonishment of many witnesses.

About three weeks since a small party met by appointment at the house of Mrs. W., for the express purpose of investigating, while at the same time they had their own private interests in the matter. They were not, as so often happens in such cases, doomed to disappointment, but, on the contrary, every thing went off with complete success, and, yet, the persons present were, for the most part, such as are seeking light, rather than other skeptics or believers. The revelations were carried home to them with great power. All the usual evidences were

given, without any important mistakes; and events which had transpired many years ago, probably long before the birth of the medium, were brought up and canvassed.

At length, while a lady present was receiving a communication, the medium was taken possession of by another Spirit, who announced that he had something to say to some one present. On mentioning the names all round, it was ascertained that Mrs. N. was the person called on. The name of a distant relative, whom she had not seen for many years, and who had but lately passed into the Spirit-world, was then spelled out, and following this it was elicited, through the alphabet and questions, that the communication related to a very important business. Question by Mrs. N. "Is it the power of attorney?" "Yes." "Did you receive one letter on the subject before your death?" "Yes." "Shall we obtain the power of attorney?" "No." "Is there any objection to it?" "Yes."

In relation to the object a number of names were called over, but when the case to the question, "Is it Susan Samuel?" there was a very emphatic "Yes."

The point was this: There were certain common lands, or estates, and patches here and there, which in the early times were suffered to lie waste, without any body being at the trouble to inquire who owned them. But they have now become valuable, and it is decided that they belong to the heirs of those who originally owned the estates contiguous, as described in the old grants. The mother of Mrs. N., being one of the heirs by whom such property may now be claimed, wrote to the cousin at the South to get a power of attorney for selling the lands, which she received. But as no purchaser appeared for a number of years, all interest in the matter gradually died away, and there was no attention paid to the subject.

But a few months since a purchaser appeared, and on looking for the letter of attorney it could not be found. Another letter was immediately dispatched informing Mr. B. of the loss, and requesting him to write another. In due process of time there came a reply from his daughter, saying that her father had died the next day after the receipt of the letter, but that there would be no trouble whatever. The instrument would be soon forwarded. So we see the presumptive evidence was all against the declaration of the Spirit. But a few days after, Mrs. N., seeing Judge S., who is both a relative and legal adviser, was asked if she had heard any news from the South. She related the facts given above, when, to her surprise, he confirmed the whole story, saying that Samuel B., a brother of the deceased, had lately written to the post master of this city to inquire about the lands, and was evidently distrustful of the kind intentions of his relatives, who had only sought to have some action in the business because they were on the spot and could attend to it. This was certainly a remarkable test, for the evidence came through, and proved true in every particular. It is not strange that when such testimony as this comes before judges it does not have more influence on their decisions!

There is considerable interest manifested here in regard to two mediums, now in the course of development, at Pawtucket, a neighboring town, just south of us. They are both laboring and uneducated ones, fishermen by profession, and, like the inspired fishermen of old, they have been called to preach the Gospel of a truer life to such as "sit in darkness."

One of them is, perhaps, one of the most remarkable examples of tactility ever known among us. All his speeches in conducting his business, and in his social and domestic life, seem to be governed by the strictest economy of words. They are perfect laconisms.

A few weeks since he suddenly gave notice to his partner that he should proceed on him to conduct the whole business for eight days to come; for he had been informed that he should have to speak a great deal during that time, and must therefore be freed from business cares and labors. Accordingly, when the time came, he began to speak in the most powerful and eloquent manner. All that heard him were astonished. Every sentence seemed a miracle; for not only were these speeches wholly beyond his normal capability, either of conceiving or uttering, but they seemed opposed to his whole character, and all his habits of life. They were certainly marked by great power and beauty, as well as great intellectual force and strength; and although they were continued almost without interruption, day and night, still he was able to answer all questions that were brought to him, and maintain his ground against the ablest.

One day, becoming quite exhausted by the long-continued action, he withdrew himself from the company gathered at his house, and retired to his chamber for the purpose of getting some rest. In the mean time his wife, who had at first been quite a believer, manifested a disposition to backslide. She spoke slightly of the whole affair, probably having been wearied and vexed by the crowds that were continually thronging the house, and having a mind to rid herself of the trouble by throwing the matter into disrepute.

But what was their surprise, only amounting after this, to see the door open and the head of the medium thrust into the room. Calling his wife by name, he said, with an expression of mingled sorrow and reproach, and at the same time with a look and air of great authority, "You must not talk so. It is all true." And then he went back to bed, leaving the company electrified by his sudden appearance, speech, and apparent knowledge of what they were about. It seemed as if they had indeed seen a Spirit.

I can tell the particulars of the case are very interesting; and I am intending to get possession of them. Does not this, as well as many other things, seem like a revival of the old miracles?

Governor Tallmadge has lately been here; and, in company with Mr. Day, of your city, he made me a flying visit; and it rejoiced me to meet one who has given the highest evidence of a sincere and profound humanity. When one who has nothing to gain and every thing to lose embraces an unpopular cause, he gives the strongest possible test of his sincerity. If there is in one trait more than all others which I could almost adore in man, it is precisely what so many are greatly deficient in—MORAL COURAGE; and no wonder I was rejoiced to welcome one who is so remarkable for this virtue.

You will be happy to hear that I am now in one of the loveliest places imaginable. It is a fine old country seat of a gentleman of the last age, and though within the bounds of the city, is quite out of town. We are surrounded by orchards and green fields; and when the trees put forth their flowers, we shall be covered with bloom and fragrance. If I grow into the spirit of old times, how truly shall I prosper! I will send you my address, hoping that, should you come to Providence, you will visit me. With much love to the dear ones at home, and hoping I have not wearied you with this long-drawn letter, I bid you adieu.

Yours, fraternally,

FRANCIS H. GREEN.

P. S. Since writing the above, a very beautiful incident has been related to me. A little girl of seven years, belonging to a family well known to us, died last week of a putrid earlet fever; and at the same time a little sister, of two and a half years, lay very sick, and was not expected to recover. Before the body was taken from the room where the other sick child also was, they heard a voice, as if proceeding from the body, saying, clearly and distinctly, "Emma!" as if calling her little sister, whose name it was, and who was then supposed to be dying. The voice was perfectly natural—the voice of the deceased in every respect, but they would hardly have dared believe it was hers, had not the sick child also heard and understood it; for she promptly and intelligently answered, "I am coming." The two little Spirits were in contact with each other, and it is quite likely the first one did not like to go without her sister, and so hurried her.

## STOVE MOVED BY SPIRITS.

WATSON, Jan. 29, 1855.

MEANS PARTRIDGE AND BRITTAN.  
Dear Sirs—Wishing to do all we can in the spiritual cause, we submit the account of a simple incident that occurred in our quiet village. We have held spiritual circles here for some time, but on the 22d inst. we had some very interesting manifestations through a highly developed medium, Luke Putnam, one of our most prominent townsmen. What I wish to call your attention to is the following: After Bro. Putnam had done some spiritual phenomena wished to see some table moving. As there was no table in the room, the Spirit signified that it would move the stove if the light in the room was put out. Some brother put out the light, when the stove, a very heavy one, moved about the room, and finally into that part of the room where the unbelievers were, and they being frightened bolted forthwith. We immediately struck a light, and the stove was on the opposite side of the room to which it was before. We all thought it very remarkable, and were convinced that no human power could have done it.

The work is beginning to spread rapidly in this vicinity. We remain your friends, JOHN H. STOUT, JR., J. GREENE.

## THE LOST.

BY A. S. FERRISS.

On a vessel heavy laden  
I beheld the dark-eyed maiden  
For the last  
When the winter wind is blowing,  
And the colors really glowing,  
Then my heart is overflowing  
With the past.

For the vessel heavy laden  
Bore the lovely dark-eyed maiden,  
To her doom  
When the last farewell was spoken,  
Then the chain of love was broken,  
Leaving but an empty token—  
Tears and gloom.

There was low and plaintive wailing,  
When the "outward bound" left sailing,  
Gaily  
Many for the loved one yearning,  
Waiting long for her returning,  
But the "Packer's" parish'd, burning  
For a sign.

Though her music leaves be scattered,  
And her harp is silent, chatter'd,  
And musing,  
Still the cottage-fire shines brightly,  
Where her vacant chair stands nightly,  
And her sisters all top lightly  
Where the song

St. Louis, March 18, 1855.

## THINGS IN PHILADELPHIA.

PHILADELPHIA, April 16, 1855.

FRIENDS PARTRIDGE AND BRITTAN.

The worst kind of ill will, and the best friend of progress and reform is a little well-timed opposition and persecution. Romanism, as the offspring of sect, would have been starved out long since had there been a more generous supply of the tails of human kindness and less abuse by Protestants. The worst form of error is light or intelligence. Thought is a divine ordinance, not less sacred than baptism, and the sacrament. Even admitting the divinity of Christ, is not an ordinance from the Father equal in importance to that of his Son? Thought is the greatest of all ordinances, and rightly exercised it would have progressed far from the humbler errors and follies into which he has been led in his search for God's policy.

The greatest trouble we have experienced here has been the dislike since observed among the clergy. They won't show fight. They are like the Allies at Sebastopol, in a fix, and every day getting more in a fix. The seven days' wonder, that was soon to blow over, is daily becoming more a wonder than ever, and what is to come of our creeds if these things continue? This is the question.

Some symptoms of restlessness have been shown of late. In last Saturday's *Ledger* appeared an advertisement, consisting of quotations from the Bible, showing that "the dead know nothing, neither their love nor their hate," and arguing therefrom, that as the Bible makes man at death a "know nothing," therefore Prof. Hare with his facts is wrong. To-day we have an invitation by one sect to a lecture in which it is to be proven that "immortality is not natural." Of course, this is to be done as a Scripture truth. The passages alluded to are such as these: "The wicked shall be destroyed." "The righteous shall inherit eternal life." "The wages of sin is death," etc., etc.—not eternal life in misery.

It was a most unfortunate thing for the worshippers of the Bible when they thrust it in the path of this new truth. No less foolish was the attempt to chain the flaming waters of the Hellespont. Say you we array the Bible to destroy a fact, what is the consequence? The fact can not be destroyed, the Bible only must suffer. And let those take the responsibility who thus foolishly have used their paper-and-ink idol. They will lament it when it is too late.

Thank God, too, we have had a slight manifestation of persecution lately. On calling at the office of the *Public Ledger* a few days ago, with the usual advertisements for the Sunday meetings, we were forcibly struck with the announcement that our matter was henceforth to be submitted before being published. The proprietor being bold, we were told that if we attacked our name to it they would insert it. We answered that we were not quite ready for the rack. "Nor we," he replied. "You said, 'I am able to go it, and had I a tithing of your means, or even an independence, I would halt it as a pleasure.' It was not published. Here is the advertisement."

"The Clergy" have been accustomed to view them as honest seekers after truth, regardless of old prejudices. Are we mistaken? What means their present position? For years past startling phenomena have been occurring throughout the country, and millions of our countrymen have been convinced through them that Spirits of the departed can and do hold intelligent intercourse with the bereaved of earth, and in consequence the light of immortality has for the first time burst upon the minds of thousands. Invitations have been kindly extended to them to investigate the matter, but thus far they have treated it with silent indifference. What means this? Is the discovery of new proofs of immortality of no consequence? or the fact of Spirit-communication a matter to be contemptuously treated? Is it not rather an open acknowledgment that they loved more truth than truth and the voice of Heaven? Who, then, are the infidels?

"A Conference for the consideration of this thrilling subject will be held," etc., etc.

Certainly the proprietors did not fear a suit for damages. It is more likely the clergy have been heading them over the coals, and hereafter the liberals are to be watched.

The same rule has been applied to the Sunday Institute, and their Saturday "Bible contradictions" have ceased. I suppose the progressive friends, Universalists—and in fact all not fully orthodox—are to be included.

You have not forgot the melody of old Madam Goose

"There was a man in our town, and he was a wonderful man,  
He jump'd into a brandy bottle and swim'd all his days,  
And when he saw his eyes were out, with all his might and main  
He jump'd into another bottle, and swam'd them in again."

And not only our medium for opposition, but they of the sacred desk, will find before long that the long-standing blindness of prejudice will be speedily cured by a few more bramble plunges at the right of thinking and speaking.

Professor Hare's lectures have made a lasting impression upon the intelligent mind. I have been thinking that the Spirits could not have elicited a more direct statement than this well-timed, celebrated, and honest. He has already spent over a thousand dollars in the investigation, construction of machinery, etc., and has thus far completed the series of test-apparatus in such a manner as must forever defy the opposition of the scientific world. In one of these he has the medium's hand so arranged in fixed tin gloves and surrounded by needles that she can not exert a power without self-evidence. The array of all these inventions upon the platform, combined with the past facts and unelucidated life of the Doctor, has a most curious and powerful effect. The Doctor has under way a book, with plates illustrative of all his wonderful experiments, and it is to be hoped he will soon complete it. Its introduction will, I feel, be a new era in the cause. It will be most extensively read by those who are either uncommitted to the subject, or skeptical. It will find its way into the library of every scientific mind in the country, if not the world.

Our old friend Barry's publication office is in full blast, in Arch St. above Sixth. Let every true Spiritualist extend to him the encouragement he deserves. He has been a good and faithful servant to the cause, and needs all the aid we can extend to him.

10th.—A lecture was delivered last evening by P. Orton, Esq., to a good audience at Sanson Street Hall. There are few lessons in the cause better schooled in the Harmonical Philosophy. To a pronounced audience they are as Greek, but to the Spiritualist every thought uttered by Mr. O. is a treasure.

The friends here are anxious to know when the Spirits are going to move Mr. Davis to pay us a visit. There is a serious harvest here, but we want a few more blades from our distinguished friends, to face the despised subject of immortality made manifest, upon the attention of the community more generally.

Yours for progression, A. S. F.

## CONVERTED BY A SCHOOLMATE.

BUFFALO, April 23, 1855.

MEANS PARTRIDGE AND BRITTAN.  
Dear Sirs—I attended a spiritual circle a few evenings since for the first time, at the house of a gentleman named A. B. Frank, in this city, and while there I witnessed what I am about to relate, "the very strongest, but nevertheless 'in truth.' The meeting was appointed to commence at half past six o'clock, but on account of the non-arrival of several persons invited, it was postponed until seven, when we needed several at the table, and in a few minutes rapid were heard. The medium was then introduced to view the following communication which was addressed to me:

"Dear Friend Joseph—You will no doubt be surprised to hear from me when you know to be dead. I know that you are not a believer in the so-called spiritual manifestations, but before you leave this room you shall be convinced that Spirits do converse, and that this is truly a spiritual production. From your affectionate friend,  
"JAMES A. KELLEY."

The name signed to the above was that of an old schoolmate—ours who had departed this life some twelve years before, and his prediction was verified. I did not leave the room until I had been convinced of the truth of it all he had said. After the table had tipped over as much as we wished it to, and each of us had received a communication, the Spirits were requested to perform with a large table-ball which was in the room, as had been done at other places. As that the ball was raised from the table (where it had been placed by one of the company) to the ceiling, and there rang for several minutes. I had perused the article which appeared in your paper a few weeks since, entitled "Miracles in St. Louis," and thinking that Buffalo was as available a place for miracles as St. Louis, I requested the Spirits to actually bring me a certain book which was in a drawer of my bureau at my boarding-house, a mile and a half distant, and in less than five minutes the book was laid before me on the table. If any person doubts the preceding statement, he can have it confirmed by addressing at Buffalo, A. H. Frank, J. Whitney, W. C. Downside, or Henry Keller, who were all present at the time. From a brother Spiritualist,  
JOSEPH W. THORNTON.

## HOW SPIRITS WRITE IN ST. LOUIS.

I have heretofore thought that I should never believe a mathematical impossibility, but this our Spirit-friends have lately compelled me to do. At a circle composed of Mr. and Mrs. E. Lawrence, Mrs. M. L. Hamilton, Wade, and Miss Sarah J. Irish as the medium, it was proposed that the Spirit of Lorenzo Dow should write something without any human medium. The room was well lighted, while all sat around the table. A sheet of paper (first being examined by all) was placed upon an open book; on the top of all was placed the pencil; this book was held in the open left hand of the medium, close up against the under surface of the table, while her right hand rested immediately over the other on the upper surface, and when the signal was given and the request made what to write, a sound as of some one writing was heard, and immediately very loud raps indicated that it was done, and so proceeding the whole. "Green Mountain Boys" was found plainly written as requested.

Now this was mathematically impossible for a spirit in the body of one to write with a pencil pressed hard up against the under surface of the table; the philosophy of it, however, as given by them, renders it plainly rational.

They consider particles of the atmosphere, and write with a fluid thus obtained, then came a stream of magnetism (obtained from the medium) to flow off the point of the pencil, thus drawing, as it were, the dampened paper, as if we wrote with water and then scatter particles of black lead over it. Also that we knew that magnetism will carry metals as in galvanizing metals.

On a close examination of the writing through a microscope, not the slightest indication can be found, which is impossible for any one in the body to do, touch it however lightly; and this was written as plain as I could by the ordinary pressure.

Build up theories on theories, no matter how high, but be patient, and the Spirits will tumble them about the ears of their builders.  
St. Louis, April, 1855. A. WILKINSON.

## A SPIRIT PERFORMING ON THE MELODEON.

During a recent visit to New York, my former home, I had occasion to visit a lovely and esteemed family in the neighborhood. After tea the subject of the New Philosophy of Spiritualism being introduced for the first time, the lady of the house remarked she had recently lost a very dear brother, with whom she had conversed shortly before his decease on the subject of Spirit communication with the living, and that he had expressed his belief in its truth. I then proposed that she call her little family, consisting of several interesting daughters, around the table, which soon commenced tipping. The alphabet being introduced, the name of their deceased uncle and brother was distinctly spelled, and he was afterwards identified. At this moment a little girl, aged about ten years, entered the parlor from the house of a neighbor. She was of course invited to join in "tipping the table." The table, however, would no longer tip, but I discovered the young visitor was undergoing the usual symptoms seen in writing mediums, and such she proved to be. The Spirit immediately commenced writing through the little medium, and fully identified himself by communicating several short messages—the writing resembling that of the Spirit purporting to be present, when on earth. I then asked if the Spirit could influence the child to play upon either instrument (a piano and melodeon being in the room), knowing that he was a very superior organist previous to his death. The answer was Yes; and the child, entirely under Spirit influence, walked to the melodeon, and commenced running over the keys like an experienced player, and within half an hour performed several familiar airs correctly and harmoniously, the family (all musical) joining with their voices in such of them as suited their tastes. The writer of this was told that the little medium had never before played upon that or any other instrument. I left this charming family enjoying the music of their dear departed relative as rendered through the little girl of ten years.

I mention this as among the many beautiful tests of Spirit-presence and power that have come under my observation during my investigations within the last year. B. LUTHERS, Mo.

SECRET FEELS CURED BY SPIRITS.—We have often heard the question asked, "What good has Spiritualism done?" The rapping, tipping, jerking, and writing of mediums are very curious, but of no practical benefit. We have frequently read of the curative power of the Spirits, but received such stories with many degrees of allowance. Yesterday we were told of a case, the truth of which, from our knowledge of the curative, we can not doubt for a single moment. A gentleman whom we have known long and intimately, informs us that, a day or two ago, one of his little children was afflicted with scurvy fever, and being a firm believer in Spiritualism, he determined to try the efficacy of spiritual magnetism in effecting a cure. He did so, and after one or two applications his child was completely restored to health, without having tasted a single dose of medicine. If Spiritualism can do what the doctors can not, there is certainly some good in it. We should like to see the Spirits cure a collapsed case of Asiatic cholera—if they can do that, we go in for them, raps, tips, and all.—St. Louis Sunday Morning Herald, March 18th.

A CURIOUS PSYCHOLOGICAL FACT.—A French officer while making a reconnaissance near Sebastopol was knocked down by the wind of a cannonball, and the shock was so severe as to cause a paralysis of his tongue, so that he could neither move it nor speak. Obtaining leave of absence he returned to Marseilles, and placed himself under electrical treatment. After a few shocks he could move his tongue with more facility, and at length, after



## Interesting Miscellany.

## THE DREAM-ANGEL.

BY JEAN PAUL.

Once the bright Angel whose duty it is to watch over the happiness of man—the Guardian Angel of the World—drew near the throne of the heavenly Father, and prayed.

"O God, my Father, a means by which I may teach man how to avoid in part, at least, the many sins and temptations which the Fall hath entailed upon him; for man is not always bad. At times, his heart is ready to receive the good which a light external might give him."

Then the Father spoke to the Angel, and said:

"Give him the Dream!"

The sweet Angel flew over the world with his sister, the Dream.

Far and wide spread the gentle influence, and the hearts of life-weary mortals were refreshed. But the soft beatings of the Dream-Angel fell not alike on all.

To the good and gentle, who had sunk to rest amid the blessings of their loved ones, and whose slumber was deepened by the toll of good deeds which they had done, there came soft and silent glimpses of the far Land of Light. Forgetting the narrow prison of the world, their souls rose up, and spread broad and wide over the lands of Visions, and gazed with eagle eyes upon the glories. But as the night waned their dreams grew dim, and the outer influences of the soul gently closed upon them, even as the corolla of the night dower closes about it, and shuts from its gaze its best beloved star heaven.

The toil-worn, sunburnt husbandman, who has fallen asleep in despair, and who even feared lest some grim accident might destroy the fruit of his labors, the sweet dream came like a soft summer shower upon the parched and dusty fields; and as he dreamed, he saw the green corn rising in golden ranks, and gazed with joy upon the small ears—which, at first no larger than flower buds, seemed as he beheld them, to expand to ripe maturity. There are certain dream-fancies and strange sleep-changes that are to be found only in the deep, unbroken slumber which results from extreme bodily fatigue, or in the light, irregular rest of a fever, even as the grotesque blue dragonfly and the strange water filter are found only on the surface of the deep, silent pool or the shallow brook. And the husbandman slept on, the fantastic Spirits who attended the Dream flitted about him, and spread a gay confusion over the happy vision; for as he gazed upon the golden ears, a purple and scarlet cloud seemed to envelop him, while round about he heard the pealing of bells, the singing of familiar voices, and the lowing of cattle; and in the intervals there came the shouts of glad friends at the harvest home. Then the purple cloud gathered again about him; but the Dream-Spirits, with their long, shadowy arms, drew him through it, and he now stood before a well-lighted granary, and the tears ran down his cheeks. His wife and the loved ones had gathered around him, and their blessings and praises sank into his heart and mingled with the hymn which rose like a golden cloud from the ocean of his soul. And he awoke from the sweet dream, and blessed it for the hope which it had inspired him with.

But the Dream flew on the guilty prisoner, who had fallen asleep, cursing his judges, his doom, and the black, dark fetters which clung like cold spiders to his limbs, and as he dreamed, the prison door opened, the cold chains fell away, and Remorse and Rage no longer faced their prison hangs upon his heart. A bright light shone upon him, and reconciliation flitted through his mind, like golden-winged butterflies through a garden; and he awoke, resting in release, with his heart filled with love and kindness. Did the cold, dark fetters fall from his limbs? Were the prison doors opened? The fetters fell from the prison door remained fast, and were worn by famine and sickness, he perished alone in the narrow dungeon. But the blessed hope which the gentle Dream had left in his heart, gladdened his last hour, and as he died, exclaiming: "Not yet! but then, O Father!—behold there was joy in heaven!"

It has been said that Hope alone is left with mortals, but with her abideth her sister, the Dream, which maketh known to us, for by dreams we are led to hope, and by hope shall be saved.

## PERSONAL APPEARANCE OF JESUS.

Cornelius Castellan, a distinguished historical and poetical writer, who was a Roman centurion in the time of Jesus Christ, thus describes the personal appearance of the founder of our religion:

"A tall, well-proportioned man, straight in stature, of nearly six feet in height, his hair was the color of new wine, from the roots to the ears, and from thence it curled, and fell down to the lowest part of his neck; upon the crown of his head it parted in two, after the manner of Nazarenes; his forehead was flat and fair; his eyes were gray, large, and extremely lively; his nose and mouth well-proportioned; his face was neither round nor sharp, resembling his mother's, and adorned with a very graceful vermilion; his beard was thick and forked, and of the color of his hair, which he wore long, seldom ever having been used upon his head, nor hand of any one touched him except that of his mother when he was a child; his neck was not stiff nor was his carriage proud; he stooped a little with his head; his hands were large and spreading, and his arms were very beautiful; there was an air of serenity in his countenance which attracted the love and reverence of all beholders; in his reproach he was terrible, but in his exhortations amiable and courteous; he was never seen to laugh, but was often seen to weep; gravity, prudence, weakness, and clemency were strongly depicted in his countenance.—Bulwer's Standard.

REMARKABLE INSTANCE OF PERSPECTION.—Mr. J. P. Soy, residing near Germantown, Ohio, recently discovered the remains of his wife his grandfather, and other members of his family, buried on his farm, in order to inter them in the Germantown Cemetery, and found that their bodies were more or less petrified. The wife had been buried twenty-four years, but the body was in an excellent state of preservation. Upon a close examination it was found that the remains would not give way under the pressure of a piece of board which one of the gentlemen placed upon the corpse, and this strange circumstance led to still further investigation. The shroud, and indeed all the covering which was upon the body at the time of interment, twenty-four years ago, had disappeared, not a vestige of them remaining. The body was perfect, except the right leg from the knee to the ankle joint, where the flesh seemed to have wasted away, and lay at the bottom of the coffin in a substance resembling sand. With this exception of decay, the body and limbs exhibited the same perfectness of exterior they did when life and animation were in the body. The body, indeed, had been petrified. It was by some strange quality in the earth and other causes turned into stone of a drab, or more properly speaking, flesh color; and the chisel of the artist might imitate, but could not make to close a resemblance to the human form divine.

EXTRAORDINARY WELL.—In an interesting letter to the New York Courier and Enquirer, Mr. E. Meriam, the New York meteorologist, states that there is in Lockport, N. Y., an Artesian well four hundred feet in depth, from the bottom of which rises a vein of salt water holding in combination a large percentage of dissolving chlorides, which mingling with waters of other veins, produce instantaneous crystallization of beautiful "salts," in flattened eight-sided prisms of about an inch in length, an eighth of an inch in width, and a sixteenth of an inch in thickness. The laminae of these are so perfect, that a single crystal may be divided by means of heat into two distinct sheets. This well is peculiar in more respects than one. It is accustomed to spout salt water for but few moments at a time, and then subsiding remains quiet for the space of an hour, at the conclusion of which it again begins to puff and roar and shoot forth its saline jets. When the workmen were making this well, the spur, upon attaining a depth of two hundred and thirty-five feet, fell suddenly about fourteen feet, and reached the bottom of a subterranean river, flowing with so strong a current as to produce a perceptible motion in the upper part of the stem of the spur.

A GHOST IN LOVE.—A farmer who had lately become a widower was aroused at midnight by the loud barking of his dog. On going to it the animal displayed extreme terror, whereupon the farmer took his gun and proceeded to an inspection. All at once he saw a phantom, clothed in a white sheet, raise behind the hedge. The farmer turned deadly pale and his limbs shook with dismay. He however contrived

to ejaculate: "If you come from God, speak, if from the Devil, vanish!" "Wretch," exclaimed the phantom, "I am your deceased wife, come from the grave to warn you not to marry Maria A.—, to whom you are making love. The only woman to succeed me is Henrietta B.—. Marry her, or perdition and eternal torment shall be your doom!" This strange address from the goblin instead of damning the farmer, restored his courage. He accordingly rushed on the ghastly visitor, and stripping off his sheet discovered the fair Henrietta B.— herself, looking extremely lovely. It is said, that the farmer, admiring the girl's look, has had the banns published for his marriage with her.—Gateshead (Eng.) Observer.

THEODORE PARKER'S PREPARATIONS FOR MARTYRDOM.—We are informed that the Rev. Theodore Parker in his discourse yesterday, alluded to the proceedings in the United States Court last week. He said he never believed the trial could go on. Singularly enough, it was first appointed for the day which formed the eighty-fifth anniversary of the Boston Massacre. He remarked, that looking at his own case in its worst aspect, he had made arrangements with two persons to stand in his stead and deliver the sermons written by himself in jail, and had also arranged with the New York Tribune to publish the same immediately after their delivery.

It is quite evident that those arranged before the United States Court, whose offenses were "constructive" only, are greatly disappointed at the breach made in the indictment by Judge Curtis, through which they walked free. From the moment they were indicted, invitations poured in upon them to address Literary Societies, Lyceums, and Young Men's Associations in all the Free States, and unless the postage to the hundreds of places where they declined invitations, offered the profits received where they gave addresses, they have made a good thing of it. It rather pays to be a martyr.—Bat. Trans., April 16.

BABIES.—The local editor of the Buffalo Republic has made himself one of the immortals by the publication of a discovery which he has recently made, of great importance to mothers. It is an infallible means of keeping babies, from two to ten months old, perfectly quiet for hours. The modest apparatus is as follows:

As soon as the squaller awakes set the child up, propped by pillows if it can not sit alone, and smear its fingers with thick marmalade. Then put half a dozen feathers into its hands, and the young one will sit and pick the feathers from one hand to the other until it drops asleep. As soon as it awakes, more marmalade and more feathers, and in the place of nerve-attending yells, there will be silence and enjoyment unpeakable.

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